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EDITORIAL

Photography by Hughes Colson

Whenever I hear the phrase "sci-fi" I cringe. I cringe not only because of its pejorative implications, but because the term was originated by a prominent member of the science-fiction community. And it is this angst and this fan community which quantity rewards science fiction's hit for respect and influence in the world at large.

When the Paperback Talk column of the *New York Times* Book Review recently noted that, according to the fan community's own newsletters, "nine paperback publishers are issuing books at a rate of 1,000 [SF] titles a year, many of them 'junk.'" I couldn't help but squirm again. No wonder the Book Review—hardly a fan of the science-fiction-as-serious-literature school of thought—doesn't give the genre much due, even by these leading SF people's own assessment, this literary ghetto nurtures not only good stuff but a lot of junk. So much for policing one's own literary neighborhood.

I stopped to consider one case fresh in mind—that of Elizabeth Lynn's *Sardonyx Net*. Not a bad read by pop standards; quickly paced, cleanly styled. I devoured it in one sitting. But then stacked up against the overwhelming praise from within the fan community for Lynn's supposedly challenging themes and technical capabilities I found myself dreading the book for wooden phrasing, pat solutions, and facile plot construction. Such expectations had set me up to knock the book down.

So I stopped to rethink. If Lynn had been working outside this insular, self-justifying little community, would she have received such trumpeting? If my critique was at all accurate, then I'd say no. But I already knew that. Enough critics from within the field have said as much (some of them saying so in *HM*'s own Dossier). Witness these comments offered by Poland's dean of SF, Stanislaw Lem—hailed by mainstream critics as a major literary light and yet a virtual unknown among the hard-core fans. "...Without a doubt, there is a difference between science fiction and all other neighboring, often closely related types of trivial literature. It is a whore, but a quite bashful one at that; moreover, a whore with an angel's face. It prostitutes itself, but like Dostoyevsky's Sonya Marmeladova with discomfort, disgust and contrary to its dreams and hopes.

"True, science fiction is often a liar. It wants to be taken for something else, something different from what it really is. It lives in perpetual self-deception. It regards its attempts to disguise itself... Has it got a shadow of a right to do so?"

Well, even in light of my grousing, I'd offer an unequivocal yes, for even the crudest science fiction performs a function no other literature does as well. Science fiction behaves as an authentic anthropological fiction.

Good science fiction, *complete* science fiction—even the most limited but externally logical tale of technological advancement—describes man-kind in anthropological terms, at least to the open-ended definition of SF. And bound up in its roots as shetttoned pulp trash is this redemption for SF. If SF operates according to not only literary form (metaphor, allegory, etc.) but also extrapolation and general speculation about man in the universe (an inherent reference point is mankind), then SF must take a distant look at its sources.

When Hugo Gernsback first published *Ralph 124C41+* in an electronics for amateurs journal in 1911, *science fiction* hadn't been coined and no one, especially Gernsback had thought much about its long-range implications. But he and his ilk did think of storytelling as a way for young engineers and inventors to solve problems. SF was born as a literature of ideas. But it wasn't until after World War II and, finally, the '60s that people realized it was *literature* and that the external trappings of SF could be totally integrated into the fabric of the form (as with William Burroughs').

Built on the notion of "what if...," characters at first were mere devices to set up elements of a particular problem. But, by virtue of a history which stressed problem-solving rather than character development or invention, science fiction was free to consider man as a totality among totalities. In other words, man's fundamental assumptions about his behavior could be questioned through extraterrestrial environments and radically altered realities. Once removed from his home turf—no longer lord and master of his own castle—man loses his *pour fondements* and becomes just another creature to be examined. However a writer might slice it, the genre as a whole took a theoretical distance from man in his conventional time and space. Like an actual anthropologist working among Aranda aborigines or the Bedouins, the science-fiction writer had to do in the situation called for, not as he expected.

Theoretically then, the science-fiction writing community has generated a rationale for itself. Under these terms, SF-as-anthropological-literature renders individual man into man-as-archetype and the characters of stories—the memorable, such as those seen in J. G. Ballard's *Crash* or Phil Dick's *Ubik*—are made into mythic figures. Mainstream literature does the same in certain cases, but it's most effective when a novel acquires the ghostly surrealism effected by SF's time/space altering properties. The internal monologue within a confessional novel like John Cheever's *Falconer* would be more easily transferred into a science-fiction context than it would be to reduce a book like Phil Dick's *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* or Thomas Disch's *334* to a more contemporary setting. In fact, it would render the novel immaterial.

The story of *334* necessitates being science fiction. If a science-fiction story can simply be a case of substituting aliens for Indians, then it might as well have been done as another Red Ryder adventure. Yet *334*'s very existence embodies the whole notion of speculative fiction.

In *334*, Thomas Disch describes the lives of several people struggling to survive in a future fifty years hence. All exhibit their toil in building 334 on

continued on page 41

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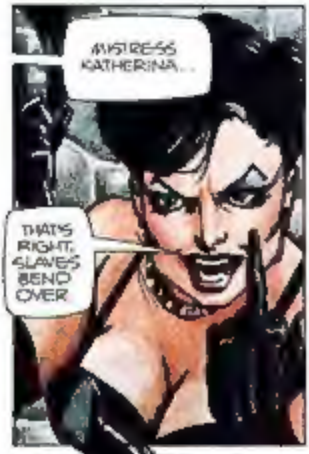

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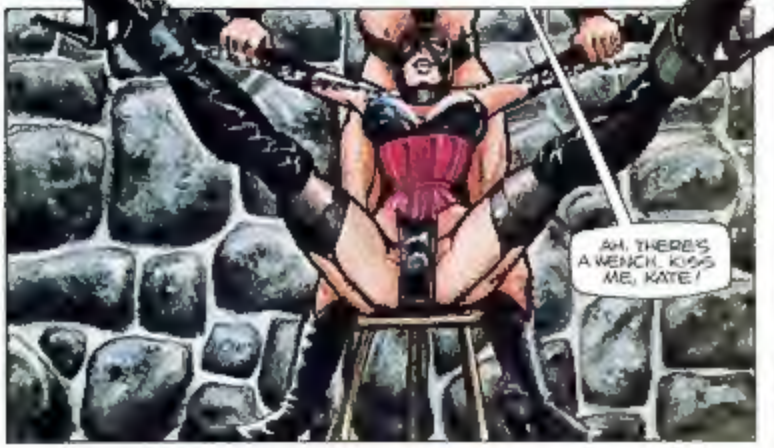

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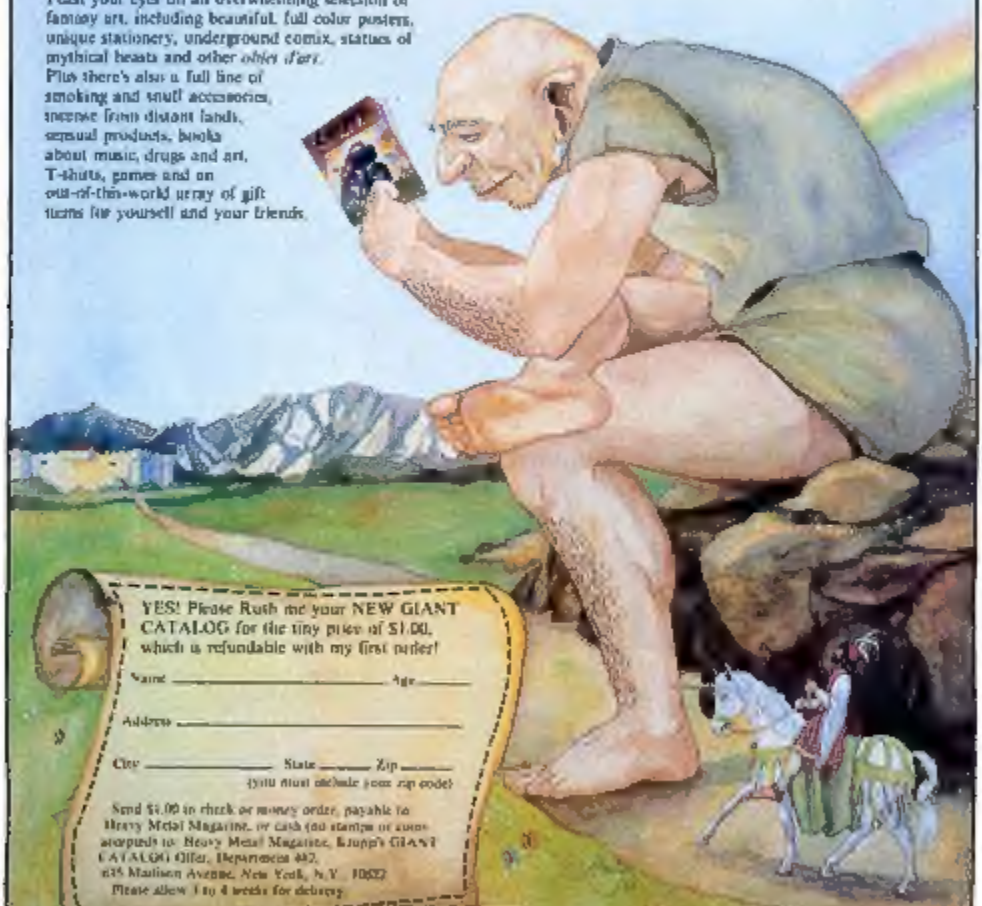

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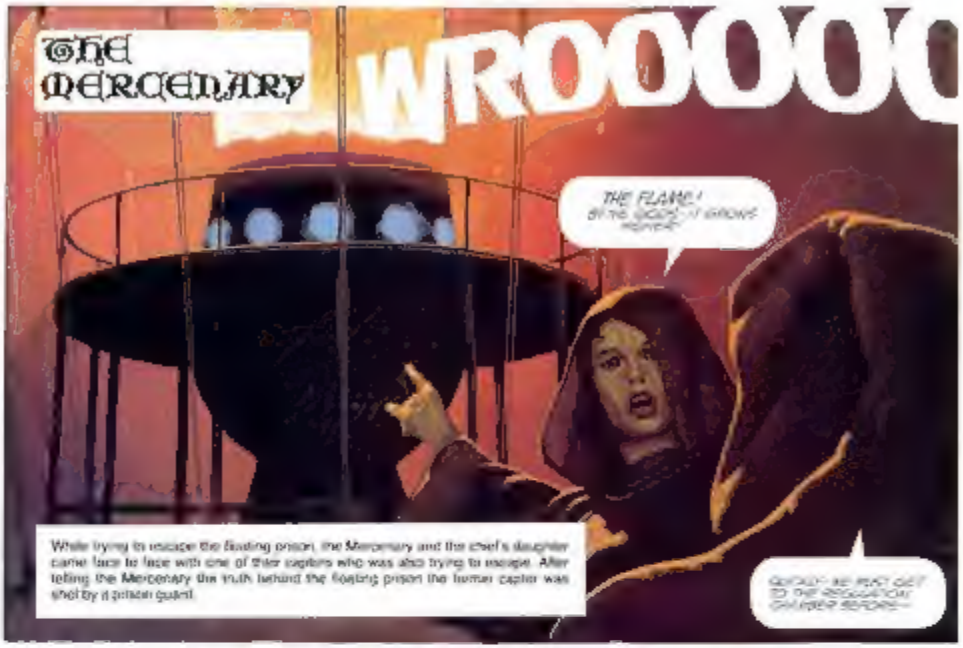

While trying to escape the floating prison, the Mercenary and the chief's daughter came face to face with one of their captors who was also trying to escape. After telling the Mercenary the truth behind the floating prison the former captor was shot by a prison guard.

AFTER THE FIRE HAS EXTINGUISHED, THE NECESSARY CHECKS MADE, THE DIVERS AND THE CHAMBER ARE READIED.
CLAC
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AH GOOD, THE CHECKS ARE DONE. SOUND THE HORN!
WRONG
THE ALARM! WE MUST GO QUICKLY TO THE HIGH-PRESSURE CHAMBER!
THEY'RE DISTURBED BY SOMETHING. IT MUST BE GOOD OIL! I'M LOOKING MY BROTHER. THE OIL MUST BE ROUND.
IF WE CONTINUE LIKE THIS, WE'LL END UP RISING ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND ON THROUGH THE HEAVENS!
I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING TO FAINT. I CAN'T GET ANY AIR!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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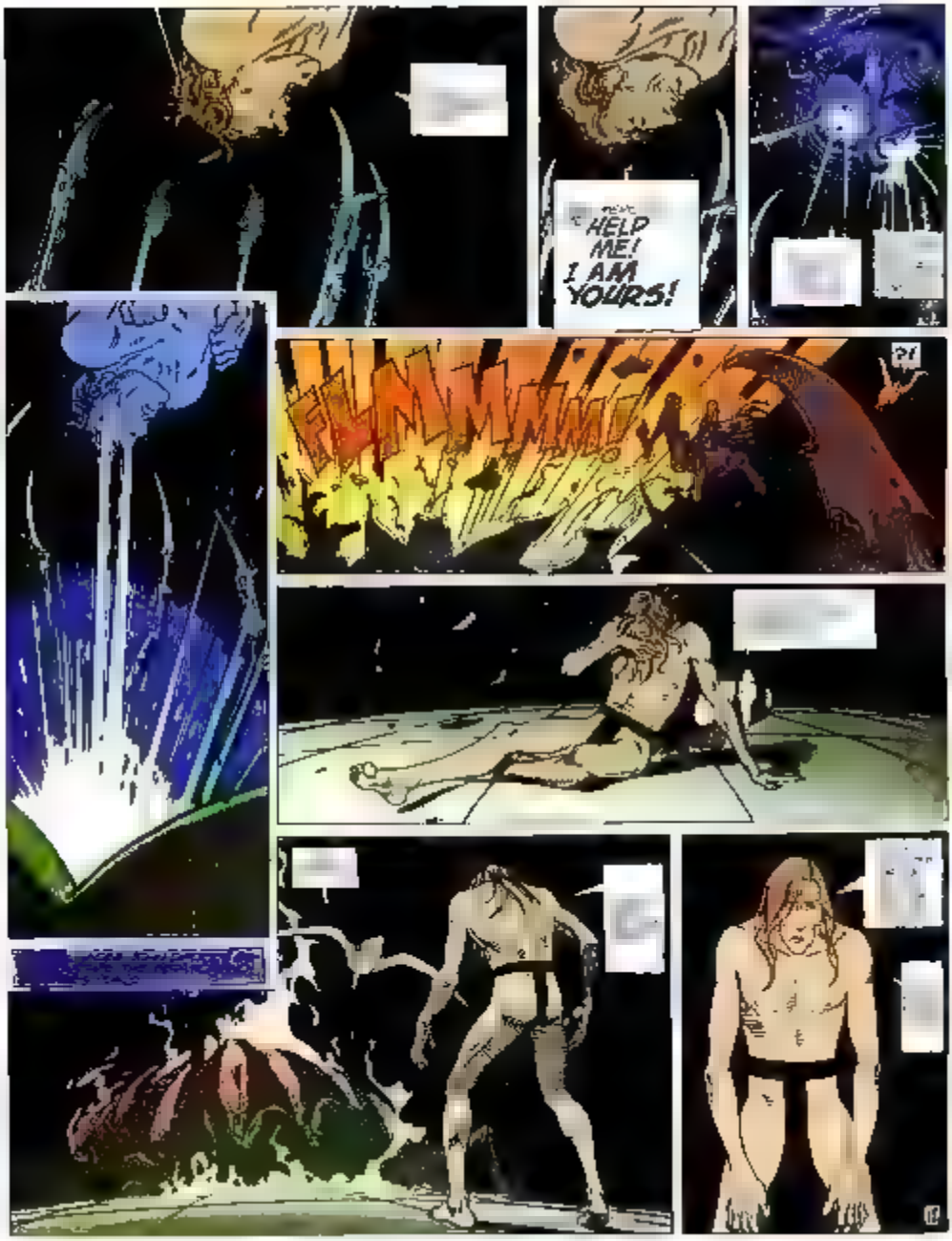
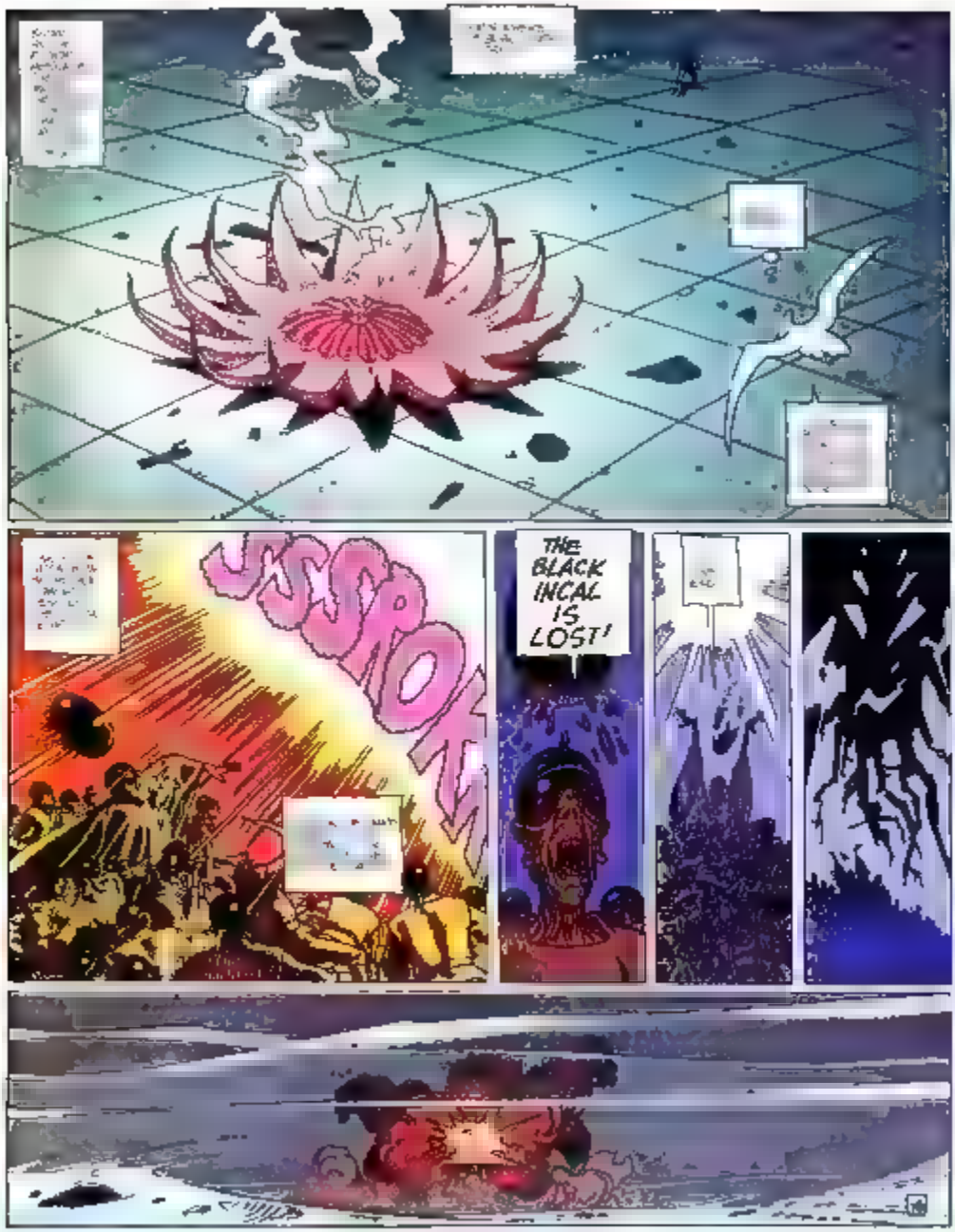
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

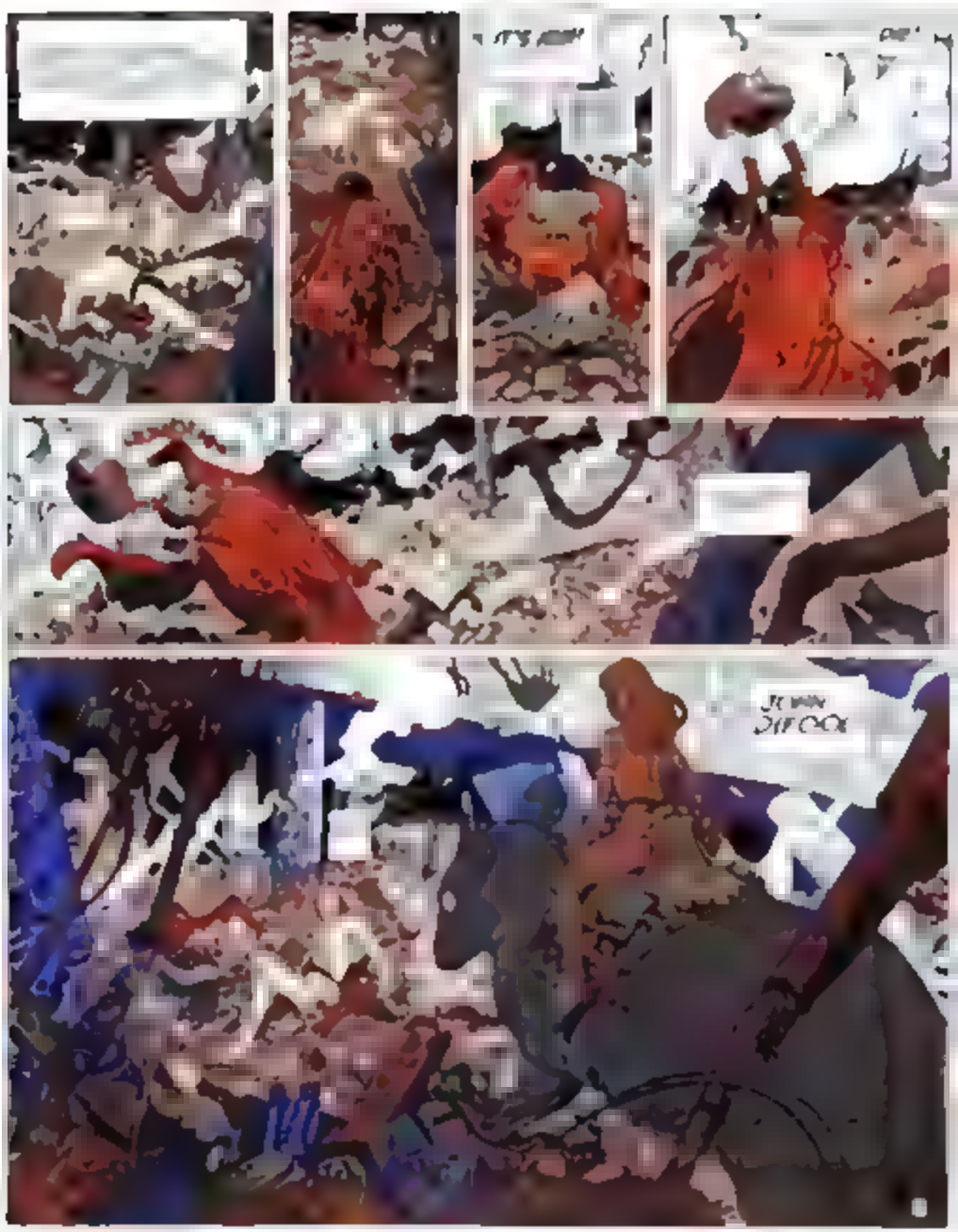
THE INCAL LIGHT

ANIMAH!


HELP ME! I AM YOURS!
FWMMMM!

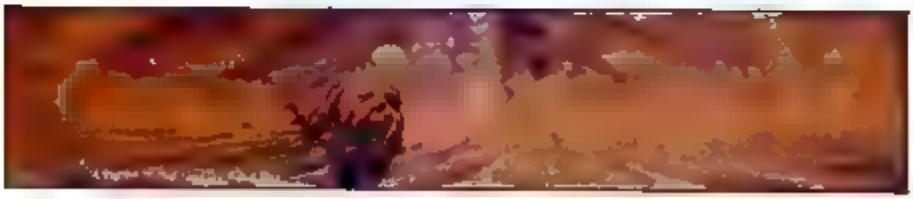

WHOOSH
THE BLACK INCAL IS LOST!

BROOOM

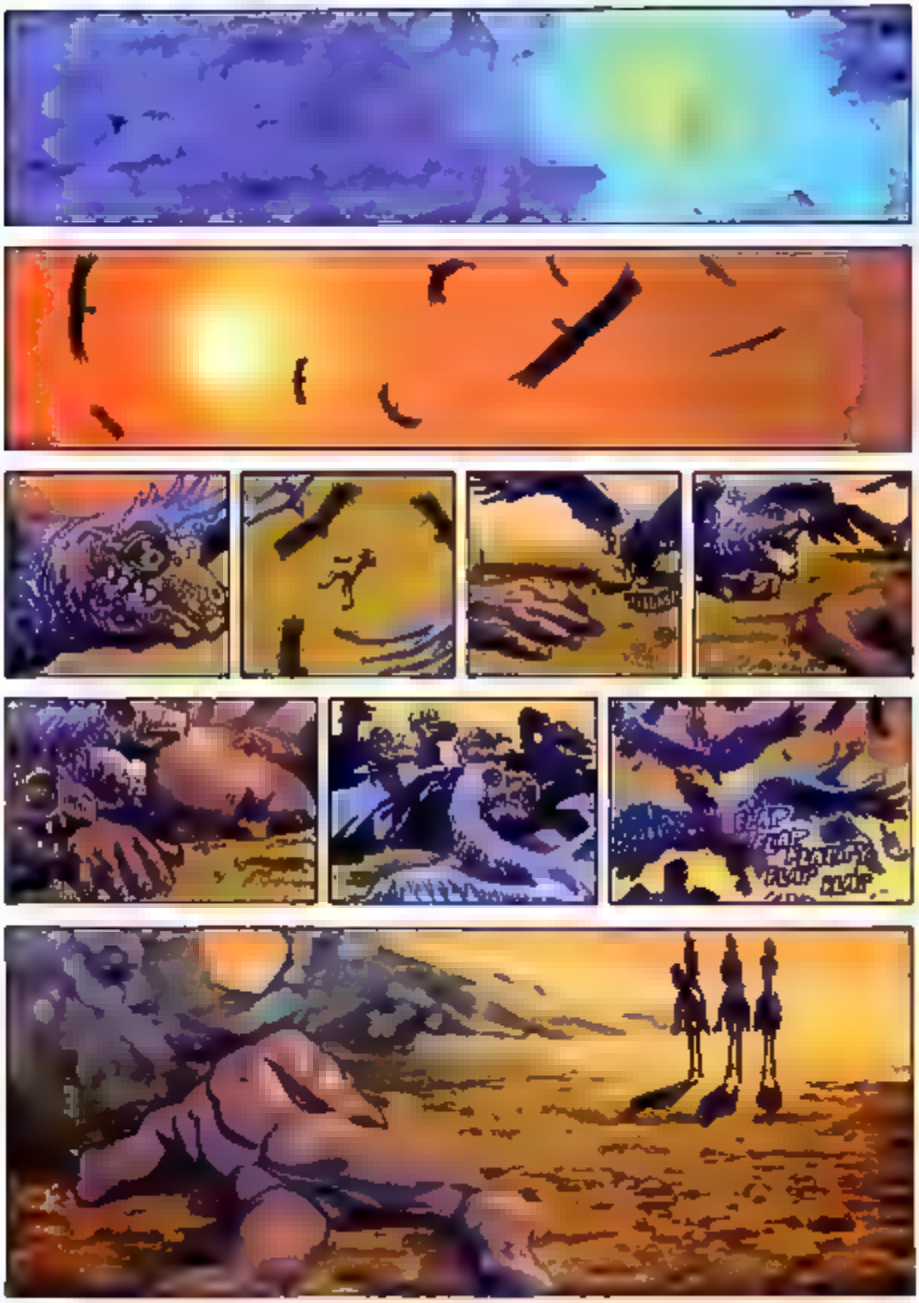


AAUMAH!
BITCH!
BE CHILL OR COME BACK!
COME BACK!

JOHN!
BEHIND YOU!
?!



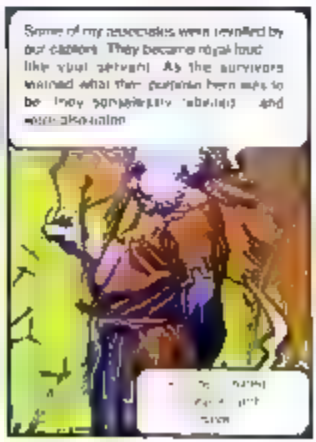
DEN II



Fucking my mom
We regularly
Mock you bros, smart

I'm bruised as a wog, here among the Dravites. They'll work themselves to death for my every whim.

You see they need us — us humans — didn't understand them as you don't understand me.


Some of my associates were revolted by our captors. They became royal loud like your servant. As the survivors watched what their captain here was to be [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

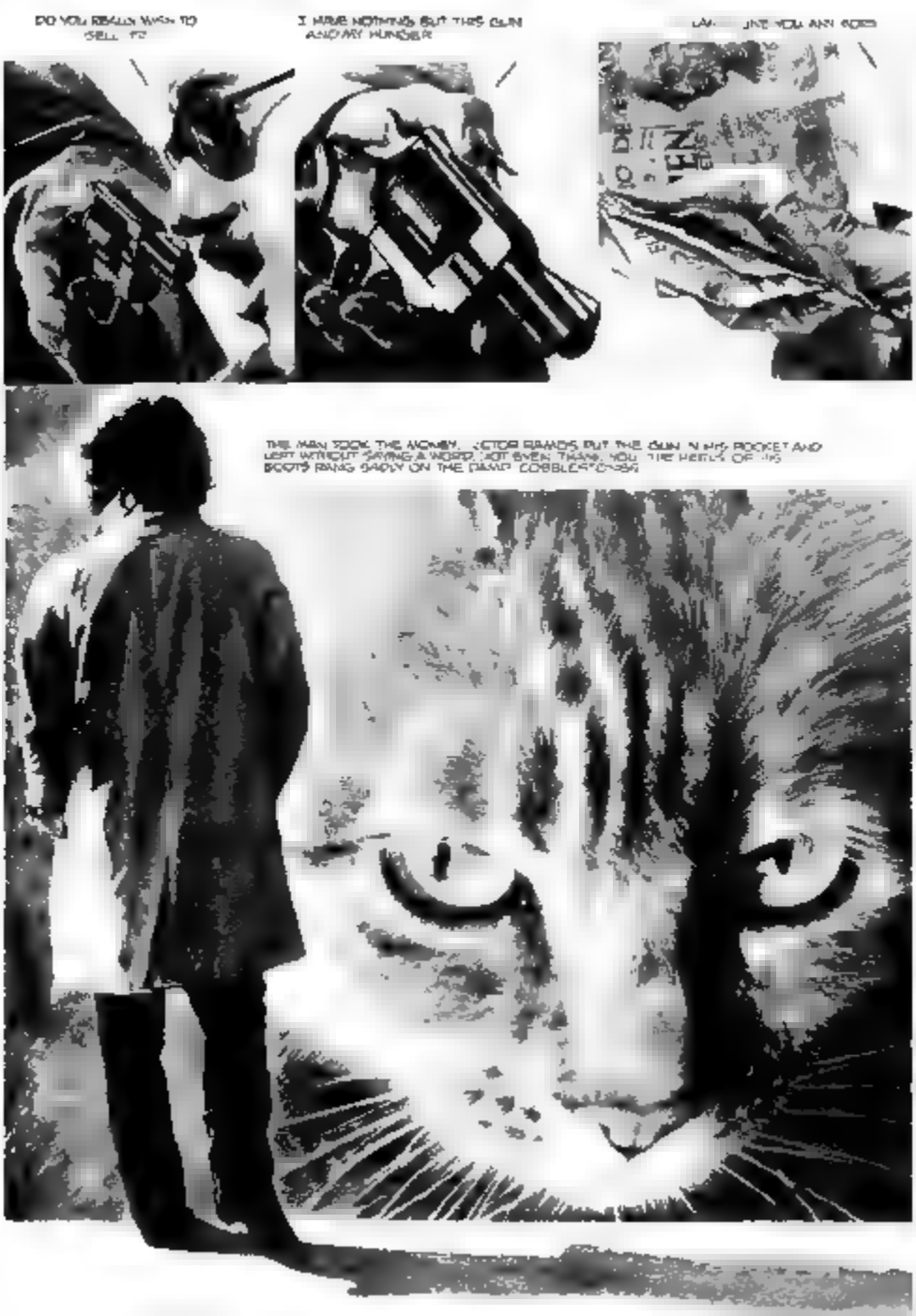
THE END

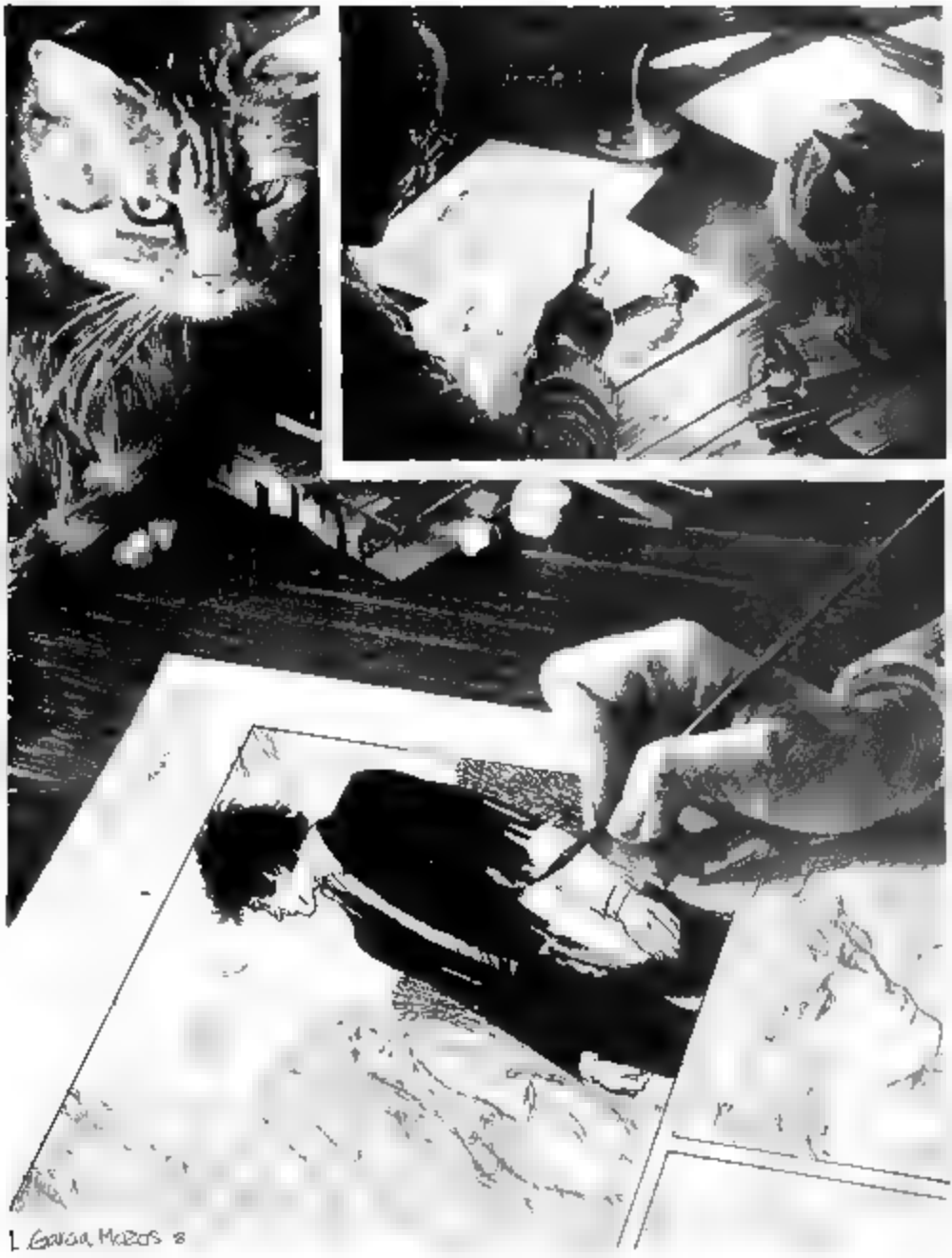
NOVA 2

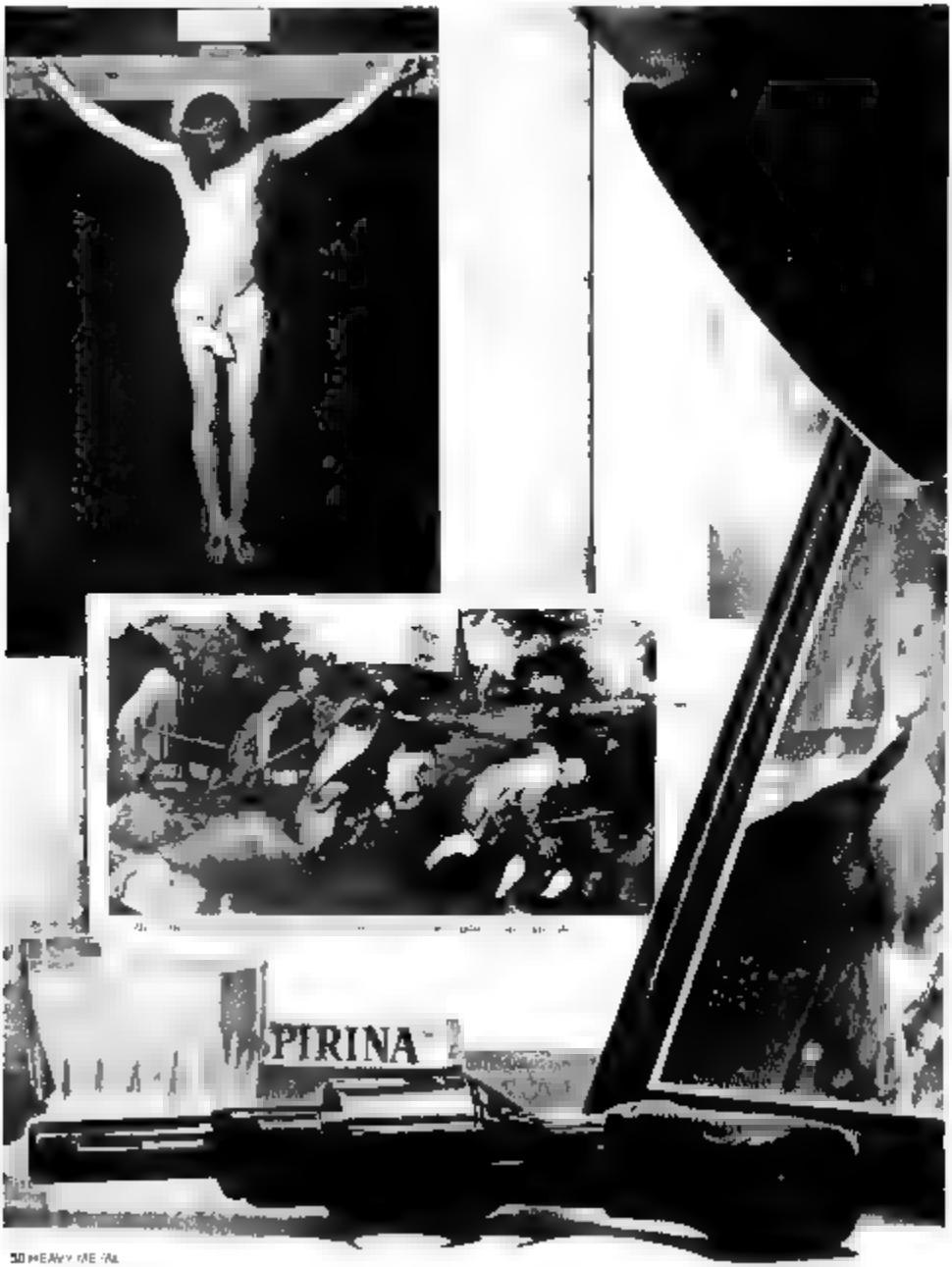
NUMBER 11 A GUN FOR SALE

LAST SALE AN UNDER-AGED ORPHAN FROM SPACE [illegible] THE YOUNGEST THREE MEN OF DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW ALL GUN TO ASSASSINATE CHOD GUNCAS, AN ARTIST IN THE CAMP OF [illegible] TURTICOL EF [illegible] BARCELONA [illegible]

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH! THINKING.
I ALSO THINK AT TIMES, BUT ONE CANNOT EXIST ON THINKING ALONE. TELL ME CAN ONE DO NOTHING BUT THINK?
NO, ONE MUST ALSO DO SOME THING. LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT. AND WE CAN'T AVOID WORK IN THIS LIFE. IT'S TERRIBLE BUT RUP THE MAN WHOSE WORK IS TO BE AN ASSASSIN, HAS NO PART DESTINY - WHICH WE CAN'T AVOID. WE ARE ALL PEOPLE PROGRAMMED WITH THE NECESSITY TO BE REALIZED
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME. ANSWER ME NOW. IF SOMEONE COMES TO YOU FOR HELP AND YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO GIVE HIM THAN THIS GUN AND NO OTHER SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEMS THAN TO SHOOT HIMSELF IN THE MOUTH AND TO SELL THIS GUN SO HIM WOULD FREE YOU FROM HUNGER. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?


DO YOU REALLY WISH TO SELL IT?
I HAVE NOTHING BUT THIS GUN AND MY HUNGER
THE MAN TOOK THE MONEY... VICTOR RAMOS PUT THE GUN IN HIS POCKET AND LEFT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. JUST EVEN THANK YOU. THE HEELS OF HIS BOOTS RANG SADLY ON THE DAMP COBBLESTONES.


L. García Marcos 8


PIRINA

SPIR

Prince Charming

and a Very Patient Young Lady

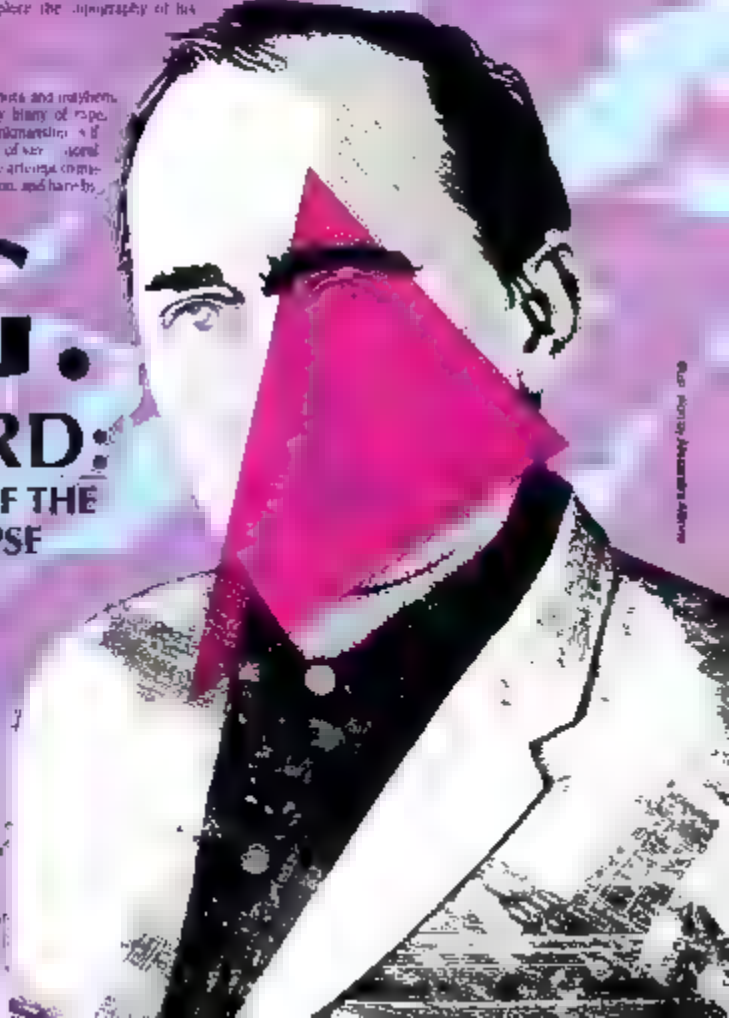
LA LA LAAA
TA TAA
POC!
SHIT IT'S ABOU TIME
I GOT WARNING WE ARE WITH A LAMOUE
I C ARE HAH LOVE
HAVE YOU

HIM
?!!
FIM

J.G. BALLARD:

VISIONARY OF THE APOCALYPSE

by Toby Goldstein



sexual justification in the environment of broken limbs and streaming body fluids—auto accident as ultimate ecstasy. By naming the book's protagonist Ballard, its author means to convey a deeply

"I wanted to anchor the book as much in reality, and to write the book I needed to identify myself totally with the narrator. And I

[illegible]

whizzing

[illegible]

[illegible] multistory

block. Just [illegible]

could have taken the easy way out with *High Rise* by setting it in a British council block like our public housing, con-

the whole place. There's a desperation just waiting to be born there. If you live in a totally civilized society, madness is the only way you own freedom."

"Then, if its okay to enjoy that sort of stylized violence, what happens when on the TV after the commercial break, you're getting newsreels from the latest war? Are you allowed to enjoy those?

Last year Ballard moved from the obscurely technological surroundings considering tyranny to a post-technological society. The

EDITORIAL

continued from page 4

East 11th Street deep in lower Manhattan. They cope with conditions which even the present New York standards would seem near calamitous. Yet, there people are love and die as much in grim misery as we do somewhere far below them. Between commissioned paperwork and [illegible] burn-out [illegible] committed to death on the verge [illegible] by a society increasingly in decay. But through the odor of urine [illegible] cigarettes [illegible] stories [illegible] that although the details seem frightfully severe [illegible] people who have read science fiction fifty years ago the conditions of survival might seem [illegible] normal and [illegible] daily life.

What I'm [illegible] is [illegible] a dimensional insight at hand. The people of this future [illegible] how we all survive [illegible] given the situations some [illegible] dismay up in the air as a notable effect the prose also [illegible] really [illegible] but no matter how hard we try sustained [illegible] a picture. The [illegible] describing his future world [illegible] remarkable and [illegible] conditions that the very order of our world [illegible] could appear as either [illegible] dystopia according to the [illegible] view. This [illegible] could not have been [illegible] dismantled in any other form but science fiction.

Quality science fiction [illegible] us at a remove from the [illegible] that is his particular [illegible] seen it has we can see [illegible] a whole expanding [illegible] [illegible] nothing of the [illegible] those viewpoints which govern [illegible] as a species.

And [illegible] be [illegible] problem [illegible] SF [illegible] and [illegible] the main [illegible] [illegible] target. While a distance [illegible] from [illegible] the extinction [illegible] we [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Poetics of Derangement

by Brad Balfour

I say that one must be a seer, make oneself a seer

[redacted]

[redacted]

based. (That's a matter for time), but it's to say their positions are often comparable.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

work from *The Six Voyages of Lone Sloane* to *Vheissu* and *La Nuit*.

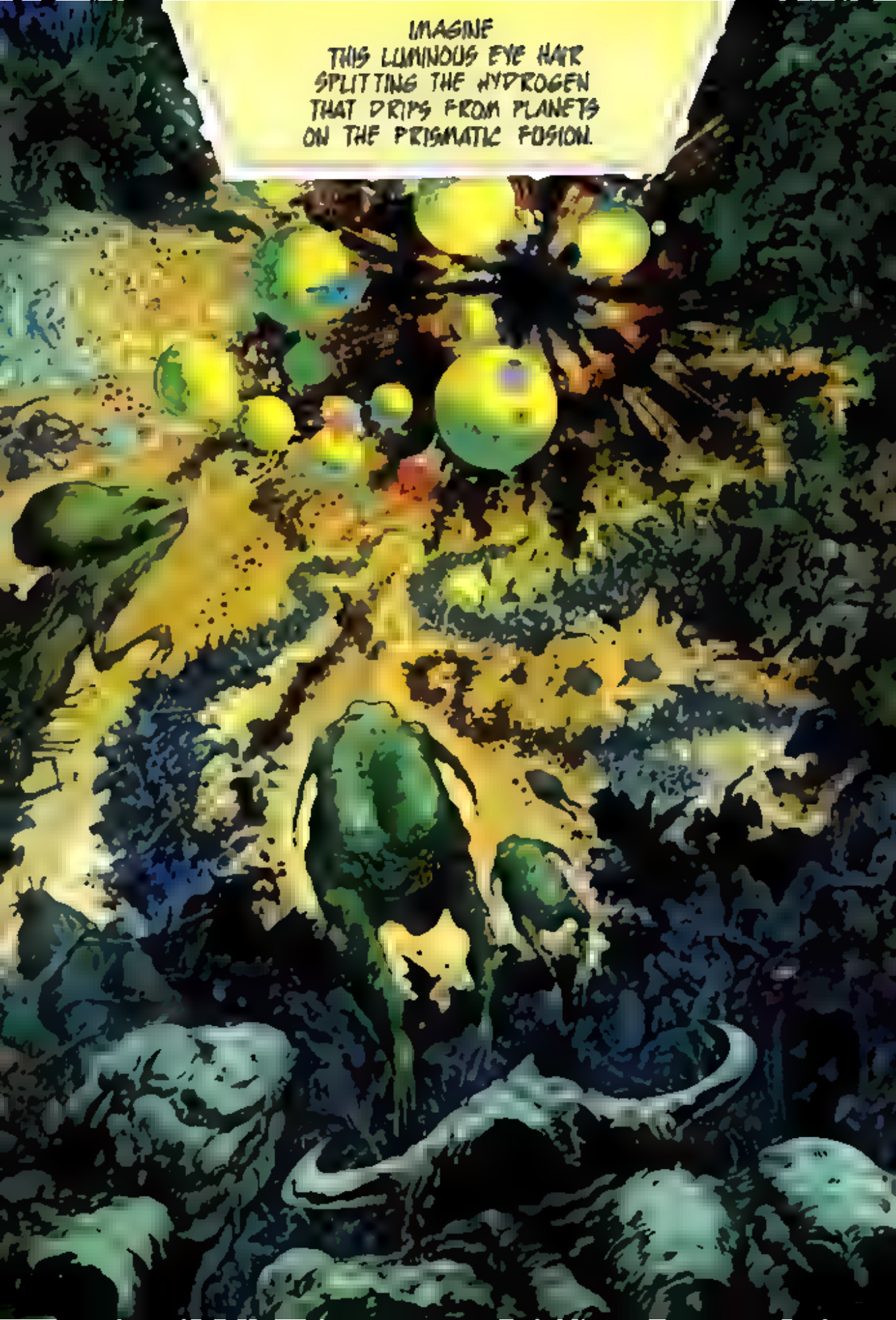
[redacted]

Future corpses, get ready: and hasten your sear hole.

Druillet – the intoxicated seer – endows his work with poetic visions, just as Rimbaud used the shards of narrative to hinge his

continued on page

RAGAEZ
IMAGINE THE OCEANOSPHERE- THE VISCOUS UNIVERSE
AND THE VORACIOUS SPINNING EYE OF MATTER IN THE BLACK AND SLIPPERY BLOOD OF THE SERPENT
A FLASH OF FROST IN AN INKY SPHERE LUMPID SPIRAL OF THE SURGING LYMPH


IMAGINE
THIS LUMINOUS EYE HAIR
SPLITTING THE HYDROGEN
THAT DRIPS FROM PLANETS
ON THE PRISMATIC FUSION.

IMAGINE THE EXPLOSION!

The Poetics of Derangement

continued from page 4

poems on to the actual fabric of existence. Both men craft set pieces, and both, through naïve self-education, manage to recast their specific medium with figures of their own making. Though he twirled antihemes—the funereal morose and unpredictable Lone Sloane and the erotic comical, almost pathetic Vuzz—Druillet displays a profound mistrust of an idyllic life and conventionality. He is an ultimate decadent who would prefer glorious death to banal [illegible]

His works seethe with a visual debauchery as lavish and com[illegible] Many are [illegible] rooms. As exhausting as a night like that is, so is the intricate imagery of Druillet. His panels cover the space with action and complicated embellishment. And it's no wonder Druillet should feel so comfortable adapting Gustav Flaubert's *Salammbo* for the two [illegible] dear.

[illegible] dawn of religions, consumed the twilight of the gods. Flaubert's *Salammbo* seems like the perfect literary analog to Druillet's visual [illegible]

forever the distant, brutal agent of chaos. Becomes Matha, a [illegible] bacchantal gallery. Apt materials for one who often throws off the thin cloak of civilization within the most intricately constructed [illegible] brutality, fastidiousness, and pain impose often than not self-inflicted and/or encouraged) which permeates Druillet and Flaubert in spite [illegible]

Maybe the source for such a tradition lies in the very roots of French history: Long before Christianity was planted among the [illegible] with an established pagan religion of animism. The druids were the priests, and the woods, their temples, the source of knowledge was God. Through ecstatic pleasures uniting mind and body, flesh and [illegible]

Or maybe the source rests in the nature of cosmos as both a [illegible] alone. Schuddig and Nagremont family life forged a new approach to his medium.

Yragael-Urm (*Dragon's Dream*, 1977) was originally two books, Yragael ou Le Fils Temps, 1976, and Urm le Fou, 1975, published [illegible]

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Ed:

By the way, does Cazz have the same hero in every story? I have a theory about why I'm asking that. Cazz's hero is a self-insert. Right, huh?

Ed Schnatterbeck
Santa Cruz

Indeed, that is correct. Perspective has been lost in Phillipe's case.

Ed

Dear *Heavy Metal*'s cattle-bridgers:

Has anyone else had a disturbing experience that has been initiated by that glossy periodical named *Heavy Metal*? I'm referring to the enthusiasm. As a [illegible] I am all for [illegible] glorious [illegible] battle of wits [illegible] a barrage and lack of self-control [illegible] [illegible] ing that gets absurdly [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE VOYAGE OF
THOSE FORGOTTEN

PRRRUFFF

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Dept. HM 3-80
[illegible]
[illegible]

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SHE

H. RIDER HAGGARD

Almost a century has passed since readers were introduced to one of the most fascinating women in the history of fantasy literature: a creature that would mean nothing to an immortal beauty whose bare feet had worn smooth the stone steps of her hidden lost city of Kuma. Ayesha, She Who-Must-Be-Obeyed. She! Since its first appearance in 1886 running as a serial in *The Graphic*, H. Rider Haggard's novel, *She*, has virtually remained in print ever since, passing through countless editions and translations and at least two film adaptations.

H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925) was the most important writer of fantastic adventure of his day. Born in Norfolk, England, Haggard as a young man spent six years in the colonial service in South Africa, an experience which furnished material for many of his writing. Returning to England to study law, he became a London barrister in 1884, a career that was cut short the following year with his first major literary success, the classic adventure novel *King Solomon's Mines*. The author of some seventy-five books, Haggard popularized the lost race novel as exemplified by *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*, stirring tales of modern-day adventurers who encounter the sorcery and romance of lost civilizations in the secret wastelands of unexplored regions.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKE EMBDEN & TIM GILL

Rider Haggard's novels inspired numerous imitators, while many readers of his work and readers of pulp heroes have made use of his characters. He was a major influence on subsequent generations of adventure writers, including Edgar Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard.

From this wonderful world of Rider Haggard and his contemporaries, sharing parallel coincidences of imagination and writing along with Lovecraft's incredible creation of Arcadia Quatermain, Conan, Solomon, Moon and Jupiter in the Ringland book, was born in the mind of Robert E. Howard. Howard's imagination was influenced by Haggard's Ayesha, She and Allan, She and Ustane, She, he also written by all the best Victorian and Edwardian writers of the time, isolated civilizations, white men guarded by savage warriors, an immortal woman who has ruled across the ages, searching for the reincarnation of her lover. Who Must Be Obeyed. She was a queen, conquerors and magicians than I remembered as a child. I began to write about the [illegible] adventures. Here

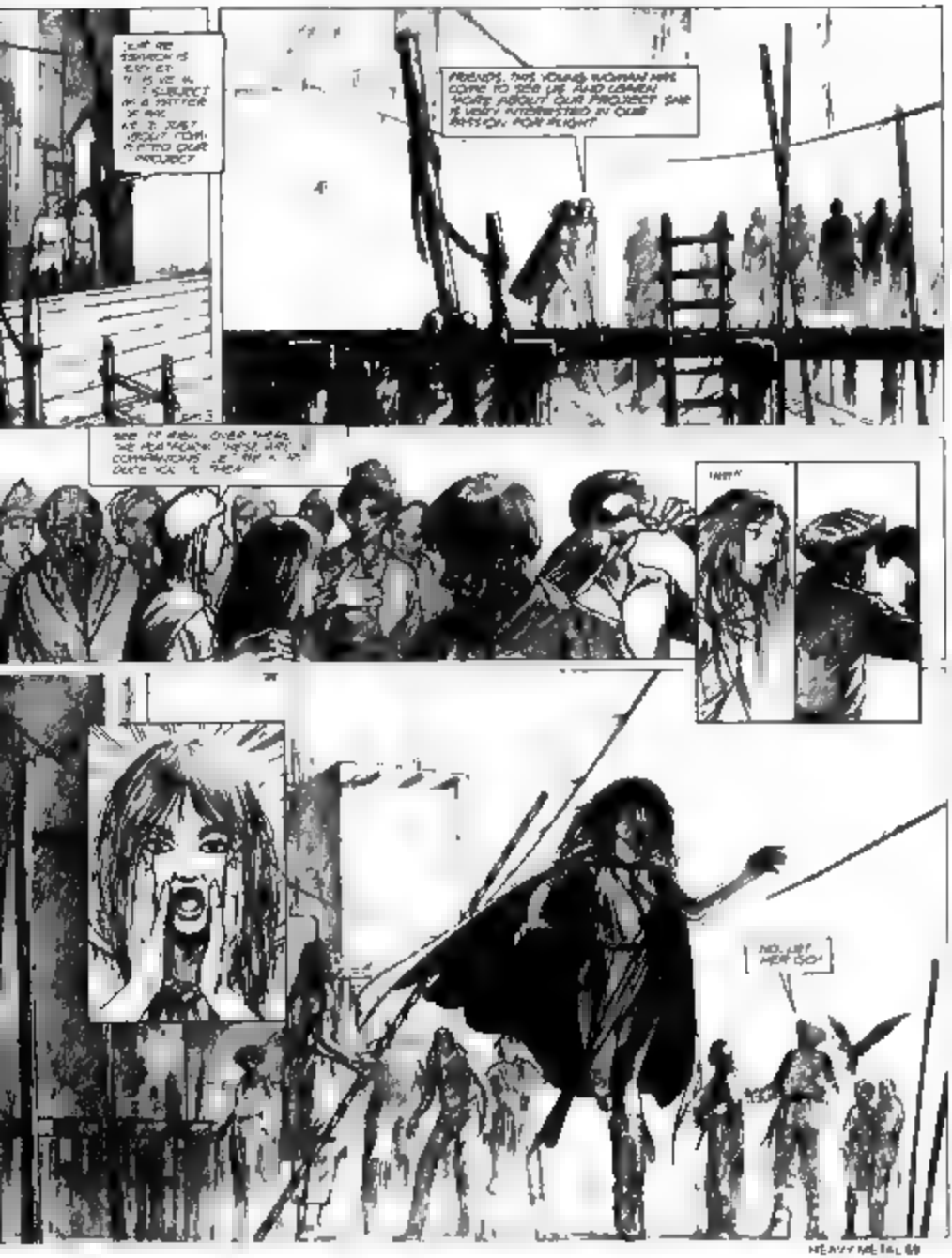
Robert E. Howard's stories that strong female characters of danger are a modern concept. Here Ayesha

Illustration by Juan Jimenez

Text Richard Walker

AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA

A CITY OF ... ITS GOLD
WIDELY IN SWAMP
LANDS. I AM VERY IM-
PRESSED WITH THIS
CAMBODIA NORTH


PERHAPS THIS YOUNG WOMAN HAS COME TO SEE US AND LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR PROJECT SHE IS VERY INTERESTED IN OUR PASSION FOR FLIGHT
HEY!
NO...LET HER GO!

TO BE CONTINUED

I'M AGE
© J. Jones 1982
I'M BE NAKED TRUTH!
I'LL SHOW THEM
I HOPE THEY DON'T DEMAND PROOF
WELL, THEY GOTTA BELIEVE I AM NAKED

THE MOMENT
TEA IMPORTERS
36

HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1 APRIL 1977 SOLD OUT

#2 MAY 1977

#3 JUNE 1977

#4 JULY 1977

#5 AUGUST 1977

#6 SEPTEMBER 1977

#7 OCTOBER 1977

#8 NOVEMBER 1977

#9 DECEMBER 1977

#10 JANUARY 1978

#11 FEBRUARY 1978

#12 MARCH 1978

#13 APRIL 1978

#14 MAY 1978

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#31 NOVEMBER 1979

#32 DECEMBER 1979

#33 JANUARY 1980

#34 FEBRUARY 1980

#35 MARCH 1980

#36 APRIL 1980

#37 MAY 1980

#38 JUNE 1980

#39 JULY 1980

#40 AUGUST 1980

#41 SEPTEMBER 1980

#42 OCTOBER 1980

◆MAY/NOVEMBER 1980: With the Shogun spirit Jensen the reader's cover by Hanna Sorensen is extremely in the shipyard. Words we don't now apply to any Chevrolet Monaco—Celeb Sprinter and Brat (S3.00)

◆JUNE/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar. Chaykin's Wizardry and Gallery and Richard's "What Is Reality Plus" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog." Rock Opera and Vacations (S3.95)

◆JULY/JANUARY 1981: Jaromaki returns with "Women." Dan Wood makes the mid-Jacks even Bang Rich. Plus more Corben! Gaskins and Pepoy sky-jump Jazz Opera. Montana hits us. Thank it's a Pinkie Charming on Phenacon! Don't miss it! (S3.00)

◆AUGUST/FEBRUARY 1981: Moebius & Burroughs adventure "Cretan Debacle" ahoy. The Mighty Odin on motorcycle Moebius character gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction: Pages from Jeff Jones's Master Joy's Joy and an interview with the man himself. (S3.00)

◆SEPTEMBER 1981: Taj Jazzing. Jean Frenay's epic Western, begins "What Is Reality Plus?" and "The Adventures of the Shadows" continue and Druillet's new translation of Faulkner's classic Sutpenette comes to an end. Plus Warren Ellis's a new timely essay on robotics in America. (S3.00)

◆OCTOBER 1981: Art and the Arabs. Corben's Spookshow Continues, Druillet's "Head over Samuel" returns, Richard's Bishop with Angels, and an interview with John Adams. Over there we could be in the shit, and we're. (S3.00)

◆NOVEMBER 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck and Xotar." The mini-epic "Fog" Part Sixteen of "The Toll Bridge" and a return of Burroughs' greats on immortality. (S3.00)

◆DECEMBER 1981: The first anniversary of the Richard Corben publication in color, Jon Sheppard's appearance as Outland gunslinger, and Metcalf's "Chandos" come up. Plus Caza, Chaykin Crepax, and our own John Workman! (S3.00)

◆JANUARY 1982: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jon Gaunkler's adaptation of Corben continues, while Dave Sloane's spacial group get up and it's on. (S3.00)

◆FEBRUARY 1982: Starred on the Immortal Mayday. Part two-part of the Corben interview, plus a sensational-page publication! Richard on the making of the Heavy Metal movie! (S3.00)

◆MARCH/SEPTEMBER 1982: Richard Corben's "Den 2." Jeff Jones's "Monster." Jean Giraud's "Arzach" interview! Moebius' and Tim Conrad's interview with the makers of Alien. (S3.00)

◆APRIL/OCTOBER 1982: "Shadowplay" by Arrabonzo. The first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet plus Jodorowsky's Jeremiah. Fate Beast and Blueberry. (S3.00)

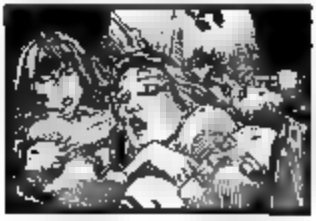
◆MAY/NOVEMBER 1982: Jaromaki's "Egg of the Void," plus Jones's Segrelles, and Brief of Frank the Brief of Jo and Druillet Delirium Delusions. (S3.00)

◆JUNE/DECEMBER 1982: Strange encounters with Dotted Heavy, Jeffrey Jones's Segrelles, and Corben. Plus the first episode of "The Immortal Fool." (S3.00)

◆JULY/JANUARY 1983: Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Lauzier, Vess, Ian and Gillon and "The Adventures of Mr. by Dave Chaykin and Bolton. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Starwatcher, et al. (S3.00)

◆AUGUST/FEBRUARY 1983: Begins with the further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Moebius and Chaykin's Season Four goes query, again. Plus Fernandez Jones, Sprouse et al. (S3.00)

◆SEPTEMBER 1983: Our second Special Post Nuke issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon, Luis Garcia's "Pierre S' Dupin," Chaykin Murphy Savage and the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars. Metcalfe, Thompson, Corben, Caza, Crepax, and Druillet. (S3.00)



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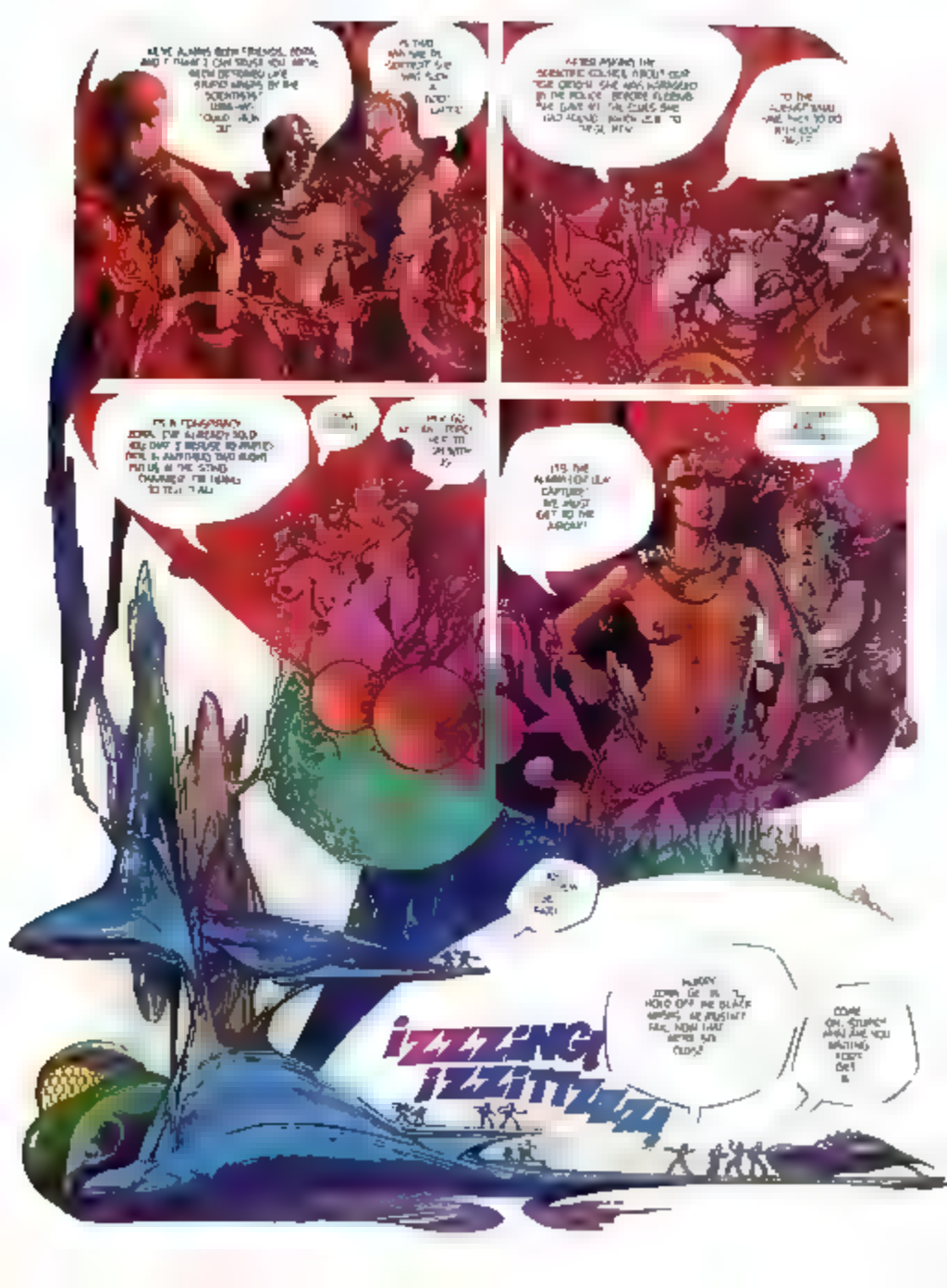
!VRRROOOM!
ZORA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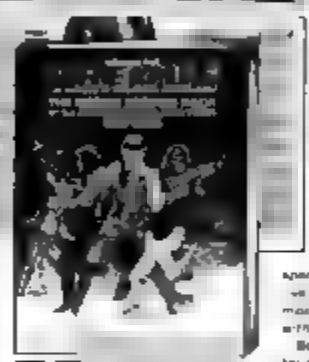
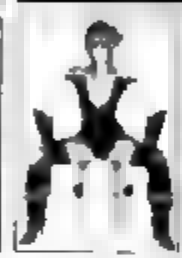
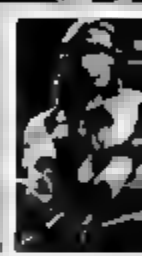
STRONG
STRONG
KRAKOOM!







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ory). Sue Bellow, but at this world at another time and in

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2080, by Gerard O'Neill—The

yer and other adventures with Nixon, Watergate, sea

ter? They still have

of mind aware of this small fr

ritable when I had more time to kill. Now I'm reading mos

very enthu-

Ulysses, by James Joyce—This

Gentlemen, shake hands, go-to

IM-PRISONED

When *The Prisoner* first appeared nearly fifteen years ago, it was hailed as a major

vision programming. Situated under the scant pretext of a secret agent mysteriously being whisked away to some bizarre island called the Village for interrogation, internment and rehabilitation, the show incorporated intellectual substance as well as action. Writer-director-lead actor Patrick McGoohan

McGoohan was actually expressing his own circumscribed true views. But that was the

Nineties now with the

fans forever hungering for re runs. Currently it has become an obsession of VTC fans the

Apparently the North Ameri

Enchanted Planet, 82 Broad

ber, you are not a number: you are a free man.

Brad Balliner

F

E

BLACK INTO WHITE

Guitar God-dom

Part Two

As bandleader and lead instrumentalist of Television

Bros.'. Postwar music that's slower at breaking the ice than was his first solo effort, but is

of the two. The overall sound is

tant variation exploring artistic security and it showcases some

The State of Science Fiction

I

questing for the celebratory adventure. This time, I've found Jack Vance, Philip Jose Farmer

exuberant tale of vengeance. This story tells of a manhunt in

deed. Vance toys with our sym

Prince more colorful, more attractive, and more interesting than the book's hero. As the story develops we are party to a

with its own name, physical de

o with crumpy nonchalance. Sympathy for the Devil" is good background music for this one. Vance never fails to make us question the nature of psychological reality. We can al

ironic tone scene to scene. Vance walks the line without falling.

Philip Jose Farmer, on the other hand, falls off halfway across the tightrope—and into the rut of cheap pulps. In his glaringly symbolic *The Unman*

The eternal and fertility

version bubbling throughout the

Jungian symbolism than an skillfully entertaining us. Farmer's

dynamic necessity, eccentric alien races, and bizarre otherworlds. Vance's

the world develops winningly into an allegory of woman's search for personal identity and her role in the universe itself. Witty, endlessly inventive, and beautifully written, Kress's

with quiet insights.

The setting of *The Prince of Morning Bells* is a classic

poem with Arthurian overtones. She introduces what may eventually be the *opposite* the charming inverse, of Anne McCaffrey's dragons. The

loved but bitter K s explores the dignity resourcefulness

John Shirley

Heads or Steel

I

desperation, the age of the fist.

SPECIALLY EFFECTIVE

Traveling matte, motion control systems, and other special-effect techniques haven't replaced Harrison Ford on the cover of *People* but the enthusiastic interest in the culture pitches a 184-page how-they-do-it book entitled *Special Effects in the Movies*. Ballantine. John Culhane explains how explosives, rubber, miniatures and optics are used to create all the filthy monsters, muppets, and planets. Though Culhane's often overcomplicated explanations suggest to the reader that they have arrived at the Pinewood Studios only after a probable no better introduction to the subject than this book. There's a possibility that anyone with a serious interest in effects will know most of the perquisites and techniques described, but there are hundreds of little surprises in this well-designed volume that make it a brilliant choice. Especially I have tucked between your copies of *The Movies* and *The Making of ...*

In his bibliography Culhane lists *Cinefex* among his sources. A quarterly devoted exclusively to special effects, *Cinefex* contains no editorials, letters or reviews, and is almost academic in its approach. Despite the no frills format it manages, within its self-imposed narrow subject, to explore the whatever. *Cinefex* is total. I learned more about the making of *Always* Stars Come Home and *Star Trek the Motion Picture* from the people creating the effects than from any other source in print. The producers and directors are almost never interviewed in depth and the accompanying on the operations problems, politics, artistic and financial, are left out of the bullshit generated by studio PR machines. In the theory of what makes an art important is its ability to grow, to rise to ahead of corporate headquarters, *Cinefex* is unquestionably the best source of information on special effects for the serious fan.

(For subscription and back issue information, write *Cinefex* Box 20027 Riverside, CA 92516)

Michael Bonfire
Associate Producer
Heavy Metal the Film

Making Myth

Movies are the secular religion of America, or at least the new mythology. then film reference books become either the bibles or the concordances of the age. Previously confined to a readership of film historians, critics, and serious buffs, these volumes have become useful guides to people who see their films on television.

●

James Monaco's *Who's Who in American Film Now* New York Zoetrope subdivides the American film industry into its various professions: writers, producers, actors, cinematographers, etc. Within each profession, Monaco, a film-studies professor at the New School and a prolific author on film (*The French New Wave*, *Action Heroes*, *How to Read a Film*) and his publishing house New York Zoetrope have made strides in popularizing American film.

●

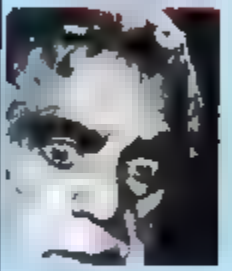
Who Played Who in the Movies by Roy Pickard (Schocken), answers the question: How many actors have played Jesse James? or for that matter Napoleon, Baby Face Nelson, and/or Jesus Christ. With its listing of screen characters (in each case followed by a brief description of person and then a chronological compendium of the actors and films related to the roles), the book starts to establish the problems and issues brought on by mass marketing.

●

For the serious film buff, Lyle Stuart has put out *The Award Winning Actor and Actress* — an encyclopedic volume in two parts, to *Who Played Who*. Part One alphabetically lists movies that have won the prestige awards over the past fifty years (Oscars, and the awards of the British Film Academy, the New Critics Circle, the National Board of Review, and international festivals). Part Two covers chronologically the awards organizations and the major categories of award. Both Pickard books further establish the input of film to general culture and act to canonize classics already granted nearly sanctified myth in place. The Stuart book suggests that its sub-title, *The Complete Record of Performers Who Have Won Academy, Critics, Festival and Other Awards for Acting*, is a bit misleading. Stuart has also published several texts of the same, the seventh edition of which, by itself, is a massive, 700-plus-page volume of film titles and their makers in front of or behind the camera. This great-granddaddy of film books dwarfs the breakthrough from the old-line cinematic parochialism to mainstream investigation of the subject.

—Steven L. Kaplan

BLOOD LEST



Jane Mccarthy *Seattle Mystery Bookstore* 1 Emerson Pl. Central Ave Albany, NY 12210 unfortunately was [illegible] of each the [illegible] Nick Nolte, the [illegible] Nolte, the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

AMERICAN FANTASY

If you had more money than you could ever spend in a lifetime, what would you do with it? Here's a fantasy about what you'd buy if you had tons of money and cared.

mommas to share it with, a hot Harley roaring like a lion between your thighs. Hog heaven. Mark II. For most of us, the fantasy is better than the reality.

Addend A

Everybody has to eat, but when you actually take food into another dimension as a transformed visual fantasy that's a whole 'nother thing. I didn't want to touch it. Just look and drool. And the physical execution of souls alone is practical

bars. What was it that Freud said about food being a sexual hate for sex?

I

to paint plastic models to a pro-

C

— was first a commercial artist

cles (16 Ambrose Rd. Clifton-

W

magazine). I never thought it

awings was rudimentary at first glance, the stuff of the story seemingly inconsequential—

W

series thinking something like

color-art trade paperbacks, and

A

flights of science-fiction fancy

I HAD CRASHED IN THE SPACE EN-BRACE X-TREME MODEL.
AT LAST, GRANG LIKELY TO AN ARMED MUSCULAR FEET, I COULD SENSE THAT SOME-THING WAS AMISS
PRINCESS ENI EDA SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
READERS: THE NEW, IMPROVED SPACE OPERA IS ON THE LEFT
AND THE OLD, TIRED SPACE OPERA IS ON THE RIGHT!

SOME LOATHSOME PERVERSION OF NATURE HAS MADE THESE TRACKS
WE MUST FIND HER, FOR SHE ALONE POSSESSES THE RING OF AGOOO!
OUR QUEST LED US ACROSS A BARREN, BLIGHTED TERRAIN, BLASTED AND BLACKENED BY A TIMELESS EVIL
LOOK! THE WEAPONS OF AZNAB THE SOOTHSAYER! I WAS AWARE OF HIM SAYING "AOOTH" AT THE TIME ANYWAY
SWEAR BY YOUR BLEACHING BONES
BUT I WILL AVENGE YOUR DEATH, POOR AZNAB, AND RESCUE YOUR MISTRESS!

LISTEN! WHAT SCREAMS DO I HEAR FROM YON CAVE?
HE HOWLS, THE RENDING CRIES INTO THE BOWELS OF THE PUTRESCENT CREVICE
A NAKED FEMALE FORM HOVERED BEFORE MY TANNED, MUSCULAR EYES I HAD NEVER KNOWN SUCH DESIRE FOR A MERE WOMAN
IT WAS VARAN WHO BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES
THERE A MONSTER WHICH HAS BEWITCHED YOU! TAKE MY LANCE AND SLAY HIM
YOU MUST AVENGE THE DEADED BY LICE FOR MINE AND I SWORE BY HIS SOON-TO-BE BLEACHING BONES THAT IT WOULD BE AVENGED!

AARGGH!
WITH A STRANGLED CRY I LEAPT INTO THE DEN OF THE UNHOLY THING!
WE BATTLED LONG— AND MY SWORD SANG WITH ITS FOUL BLOOD AND LEPROUS SINEW!
WUF!
Don't you dare! This is his planet and he was nice enough to save our lives.
IN ITS ENTRAILS I FOUND THE PRINCESS STILL ALIVE, ENCASED IN A CRYSTAL EGG!
WHEN IT SEEMED THAT I MUST SURELY DIE, I FOUND THE EYE OF THE THING— BEHIND WHICH LODGED ITS BRAIN!
Adelina! Are you OK?
Sure...listen, let's go outside for some fresh air and I'll explain everything.
© 1982 ROD "KILLER" KIRKEGAARD JR
WHAT MIRACLE IS THIS THAT WE ARE ALIVE AND ALONE IN THE ARMS OF THE NIGHT?
It's a miracle our finding you like this. I was really worried-- I think I love you...
...AND ME AS WELL, FOR I AM YOURS!
IT WAS THE RING WHICH HE WANTED, AND NOW YOU MUST TAKE IT...
That's very flattering-- it's just that I'm not ready for a relationship...
TO BE CONTINUED

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COMING

See, what we got here in the May issue of *Heavy Metal* is the start of this real odd strip entitled, "The Ape." It's all about this humanlike tribe of apes, etc. etc. etc. No, Charlton Heston does not make a guest appearance in this **Milo Manara** strip.

Plus: Galactic Geo graphic returns bigger and better than ever!

Val Lakey's beautiful strip, "Sixteen and Vanilla," premieres.

And **David Black** begins a three-part article on (you guessed it) sex through the ages—from Cleopatra to naughty eighties.

The Theory of Heavolution

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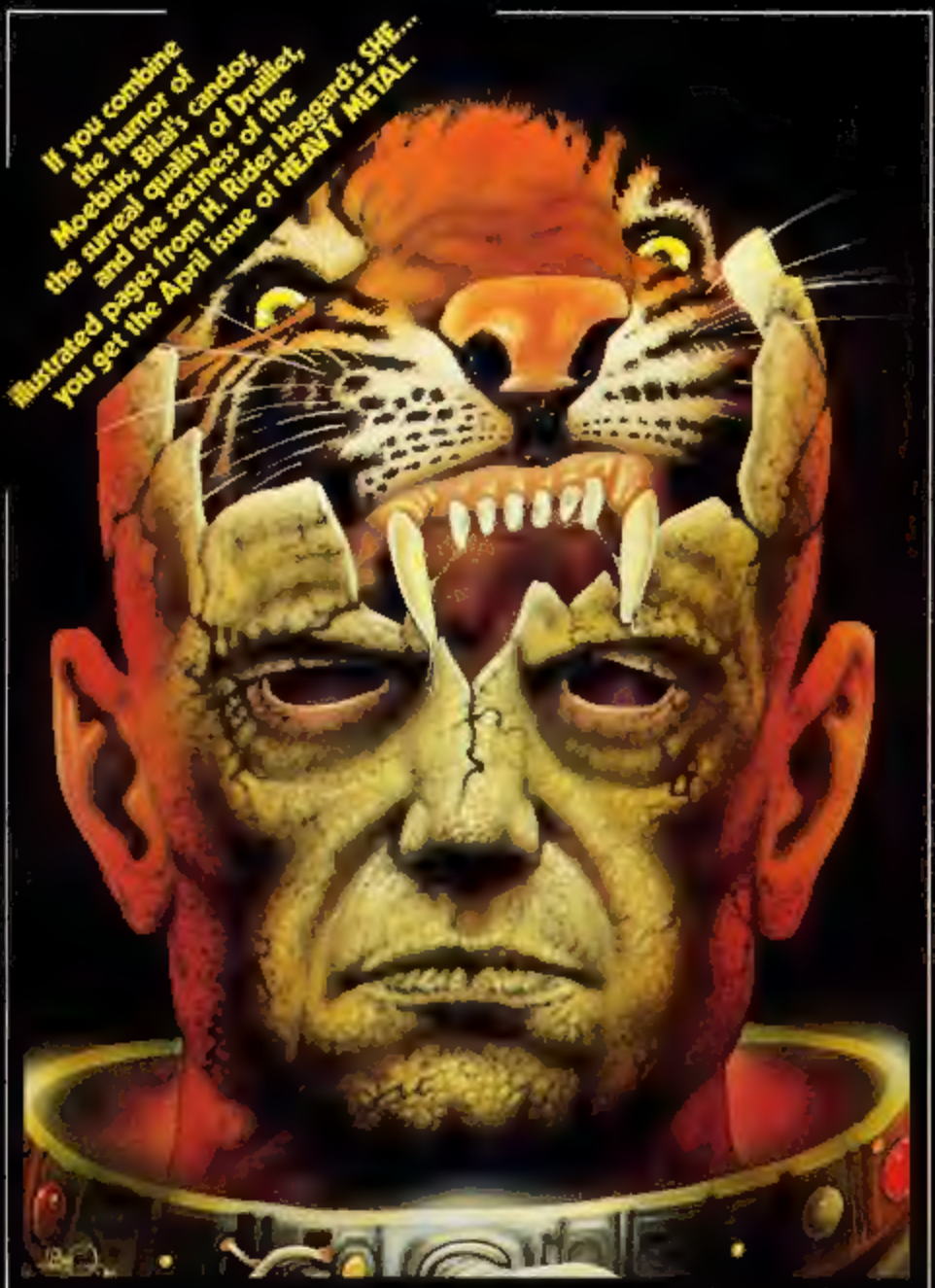
If you combine the humor of Moebius, Bilal's candor, the surreal quality of Druillet, and the sexiness of the illustrated pages from H. Rider Haggard's SHE... you get the April issue of HEAVY METAL.